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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *December* the 23d, 1756.

AS the firſt of the following letters is written by a female correſpondent, and the ſecond intended for the ſervice of that ſex, I have taken the firſt opportunity of giving them to the public.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

I AM a young woman, and live in the country with an uncle and aunt, whoſe characters, as they are ſomewhat particular, may perhaps contribute towards the entertainment of your readers. My uncle is a man ſo full of himſelf, that he approves of nothing but what is done (to uſe his own words) *after his maxim.* About three

three years ago he caught a great cold; ever ſince which time he wears a great coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day a relation coming to ſee him, was thrown off his horſe, and broke his leg. When he was brought into the houſe, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his paſſing through a bad lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him with an air of great importance, that it was always a *maxim* with *him*, "never to do two things at "once." He then introduced a long ſtory about queen Elizabeth and lord Burleigh, which, after it had laſted above half an hour, concluded with lord Burleigh's telling the queen, that he had made it a maxim, "never "to do but one thing at a time." Thus did he perplex the poor gentleman, who lay all the time with a broken limb; nor would he ſuffer any perſon in the room to go for a ſurgeon till his ſtory was told. While the leg was ſetting, and the patient in the utmoſt torment, my uncle ſtood by, and with all the rhetoric he was maſter of, endeavoured to perſuade his kinſman that his misfortune was entirely owing to a neglect of thoſe excellent *maxims* which he had ſo often taught him. He concluded his harangue with a ſtring of *proverbs*, *motto's* and *ſentiments*, of which he is ſo ridiculouſly fond, that there is no ſingle action of his life that is not entirely governed by one or other of them. I have ſeen him in the garden, in the midſt of a moſt violent thunder-ſhower, walking a ſnail's pace towards the houſe, becauſe his friend lord Onſlow's motto is *feſtina lente*; which words I have heard him repeat and explain ſo often, that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one fleſh with her huſband. She approves of nothing but what is done after *her own example*, though ſhe is unable to ſupport her prejudices even by a *proverb* or a *ſaying*. As I am ſo unfortunate as to differ from her in almoſt all my actions, we are extremely liable to quarrel. *She* gets up at ſix, becauſe ſhe cannot *ſleep*; and *I* lie in bed till nine, becauſe I cannot eaſily *wake*. When we meet at breakfaſt, I am ſure to be ſcolded for my drowſineſs and indulgence, and

and queſtioned at leaſt a dozen times over, "why I "cannot do as *ſhe* does, get up with the ſun? "Ay, ſays "my uncle, and go to reſt with the lark, as the ſaying "is." But alas! my aunt obſerves but part of the ſaying; for long before the lark goes to rooſt, ſhe will fall aſleep in her chair, unleſs kept awake by cards; though her uſual bed-time is not till nine o'clock.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would fain know whether the hours between nine and twelve, provided you are quite awake, are not of equal uſe with thoſe between ſix and nine, when you are half the time aſleep? My aunt ſays no; for that *one* hour in the morning is worth *two* in the afternoon; which I cannot for the life of me comprehend.

THE old lady is one of thoſe good ſort of women who think every thing beneath their notice but family affairs and houſekeeping: for which reaſon, if ever ſhe catches me reading a volume of the Spectator or World, ſhe immediately aſks me if the *Art of Cookery*, which ſhe made me a preſent of, is miſlaid or loſt; to which ſhe is ſure to add, that for *her part*, ſhe does not ſee what good can come of reading ſuch heatheniſh books; and that had *ſhe* given up her mind to *nonſenſe* and *ſtuff*, my uncle and his family muſt have been beggars, ſo they muſt.

AM I really to be governed by theſe old folks, or may I go on in my old way, and laugh at their abſurdities? I read your paper every Friday when the poſt comes in, and ſhall be glad to ſee this letter inſerted in your next, with your opinion of the matter, that I may know which is the wiſeſt, my uncle, my aunt, or Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Humble ſervant,

and admirer,

C. P.

SIR,

SIR,

IF we pay a due regard to proverbial expreſſions, which are oftentimes founded in good ſenſe and experience, the texture of the ſcull, particularly the extreme thickneſs or extreme thinneſs of it, contribute not a little to the ſtupidity or folly of our ſpecies. By a thick ſculled man we always mean a fool, and by a thin ſculled fellow, one without any diſcretion. May we not therefore ſuppoſe that the ſtate of men, reſpecting their underſtandings, is pretty much this: when their craniums are extremely ſolid, they are generally ideots, when in a medium, perſons of ſenſe, when ſomewhat thinner, wits, and when extremely thin, madmen?

WHAT has led me into theſe reflections, is the preſent faſhion among our ladies, of going bareheaded, and a remarkable paſſage in Herodotus, concerning the effects of that practiſe among the Egyptians.

THIS ancient and curious hiſtorian and traveller tells us, that paſſing by Peluſium, where there had been, many years before, a bloody battle fought between the Perſians and Egyptians, and the ſculls of the ſlain on each ſide being ſtill in different heaps, he found upon trial, that thoſe of the Egyptians were ſo thick, they required a very ſtrong blow to break them; whereas thoſe of the Perſians were ſo thin and tender, they ſcarcely reſiſted the ſlighteſt ſtroke. Herodotus attributes the thinneſs and tenderneſs of the Perſians ſculls, to their wearing warm caps or turbans; and the thickneſs and hardneſs of the Egyptians, to their going bareheaded, and thereby expoſing their heads to heats and colds. Now if this opinion of Herodotus, and the foregoing remarks be well founded, what rueful effects may the preſent faſhion of our ladies expoſing their heads to all weathers, eſpecially in the preſent cold ſeaſon, be attended with! Inſtead of ſenſible, witty and ingenious women, for which this country has ſo long been famous, we may in a little time have only a generation of triflers.

BY

By what has happened to a neighbouring nation, we have the more reaſon to dread the like misfortune among ourſelves. And happy are thoſe who take warning by the misfortunes of others. Formerly when the Dutch kept their heads warm in furred caps, they were a wiſe and brave people, delivered themſelves from ſlavery, and eſtabliſhed a wealthy and formidable republic: but ſince they have left off this good old faſhion, and taken to French toupées, whereby their heads are much expoſed, they are become ſo thick-ſculled, that is, ſo ſtupid and fooliſh, as to neglect almoſt every means of national benefit and preſervation.

Though the ancient Greeks were ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt acute people in the world, yet the Beotians were remarkably ignorant and dull. What can we aſcribe this difference between them and their fellow Greeks to, but the different conformations of the ſeat of knowledge? I wiſh our ſociety of antiquaries would endeavour to find out if this did not proceed from the Beotians following the Egyptian faſhion abovementioned.

Are we to ſuppoſe that the only motive of our eminent phyſicians and great lawyers wearing ſuch large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to *appear* wiſer than other people? Have they not experienced that theſe warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them *really* ſo? One apparent proof of their being wiſer than moſt others, is, that the former very rarely take any phyſic, and the latter never go to law, when they can avoid it. However, we muſt for the ſake of truth acknowledge, that too many of theſe gentlemen of both profeſſions, ſeem to have carried this practiſe of keeping their heads warm to ſuch an exceſs, as to occaſion a kind of madneſs, which ſhews itſelf in ſo voracious an appetite for fees, as can hardly be ſatisfied. But as we frequently ſee good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that theſe extravagancies of phyſicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as poſſible for either, by ſubſtituting temperance in the room of phyſic, and arbitrations inſtead of law-ſuits?

Whether